

DRAMATIC AND LYRIC.

A Revival of Patience and of Amateur Opera.

B. B. YOUNG ON HIS WAY HOME.

The New Tenor—Leavitt—The Home Dramatic—Dora Wiley—Miss—Broom Drill—Stephens.

No more enjoyable days have ever been recorded in our musical history than those when, under Mr. Careless, the Philharmonic Society brought out the then reigning craze—H. M. S. Pinafore. There is now an effort abroad to revive something of the pleasures of those old days, in preparing a representative of that hardly less celebrated work—Patience, and we not say that the movement has the Herald's commendation and good wishes.

Prof. Krouse is at the head of the plan, and he is seconded by Mr. J. D. White, Mr. J. D. Spencer, Mr. Pyper, Mr. D. Calder, Mr. J. S. Barnes and several other gentlemen of equal repute. The chorus has been mostly selected, and the bright costumes of the piece is now being arranged for. Several rehearsals of the principals have already been held, and practices with both characters and chorus will go actively ahead from this date. The performance is to come off in the Salt Lake Theatre according to present calculations on the night of Washington's birthday, or possibly sooner. The cast, etc., as far as it is known, will be as follows:

Patience.....Miss Nellie Thatcher.
Lady Jane.....Mrs. J. D. White.
Grosvener.....Mr. J. D. White.
Bunthorne.....Mr. J. D. Spencer.
Duke.....Mr. G. D. Pyper.
Major.....Mr. J. S. Barnes.
Solicitor.....Mr. McCurdy.

Mr. White will act as stage manager; Mr. Dan Calder as business manager, and Mr. Krouse conducts the whole. The expectation is that the performance will make up the orchestra.

Mr. Young Coming Home.

After a good many false starts, on which his friends have hung with considerable disappointment, B. B. Young has at length definitely decided to return to the home of his native city, to settle down. Mr. Le Grand Young, brother to the well known singer, informed a Herald reporter that B. B. might be expected home on New Year's day, and that his accomplished wife would accompany him. This intelligence will have a value outside of the pleasure it gives to Mr. Young's friends. Salt Lake, though richly furnished with professors of musical instruments, has always contained room for a professor able to give pupils advanced lessons in vocal culture. Mr. Young's training in one of the first schools in the world added to his well-known local reputation as the foremost of our home-made singers, will amply qualify him to fill the broad field which awaits him.

Our New Tenor.

Anyone who has taken much part in our public musical societies can not help being struck with the great proportion of our leading singers and instrumentalists who come from foreign lands; Mrs. Careless, Mr. Careless, Mr. Krouse, Mr. Beezley, Mr. Radcliffe, Mr. Pedersen, Mr. Olsen, Mr. Hedger, Mr. Thomas, Mr. Stephens, Miss Olsen, Mr. Crawford, Mr. Morgan, and many others who might be mentioned—the great bulk of the Tabernacle Choir and of both orchestras—all received their training in other climes; our musical lustre has been, but borrowed in the past, but we trust to the thousands of youthful singers who are now rising, to give to Utah a brightness of her own.

A notable arrival in musical circles has just taken place in the coming of Mr. Alfred Neilsen, for nine years past buffo tenor of the New Theatre in Stockholm, Sweden; a representative of the Herald has lately had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Neilsen sing, and can vouch with pleasure that he is the purest and best trained tenor we have ever had resident among us. He speaks but little English as yet, but sings in the three Scandinavian tongues and also in German; one of the most notable of his representations in the old countries was that of Balasar in the Merry War—the music of which Adolphi recently butchered here. Mr. Neilsen's voice is of medium range, its greatest beauty lying about E, F, G and G sharp. He has sung C, however, he says, though he most prefers a baritone role. Mr. Neilsen has the education of a gentleman besides the training of a fine singer. It is not improbable that he may make his debut in the partially projected Home Dramatic Club performance during the holidays.

Leavitt's Company Again.

Leavitt's life sized portraits again announce that the time is drawing nigh when one of his variegated troupes may be again looked for. The company, which is announced as one of his best, and which embodies the usual song and dance, gymnastics, musical, farce, burlesque, etc., features, opens in the Theatre Tuesday evening. There is no question of the usual crowds being in attendance.

The Broom Drill.

To-morrow night the ladies composing the Broom Brigade will be marshaled upon the floor of the Salt Lake Theatre, and all the bright maneuvering that created such a sensation some time ago in the Opera House will be witnessed again. The drill will amply bear repetition, and with the reinforcement afforded by the well known Smithiana family, a strong attraction is provided.

Stephens' Concert.

The Social Hall will be reopened for the first time in a long period to-morrow night, the popular young musician, Evan Stephens, having obtained the building for his long-talked-of concert. The chorus numbers eighty voices, and the soloists include many of our leading singers. The performance is to commence at 8 o'clock.

Mr. Stevens is the kind of a worker whom it is a pleasure to say a good word for, and the nature of his labors is so well known that he is sure of receiving public recognition.

The Home Dramatic Club.

The members of this organization, which has so long lain dormant, are again, and may possibly reappear Christmas or New Year's night; nothing as yet, however, is positively set. Gilbert's celebrated comedy, On the Road, and the dramatic Nobody's Child and Fettered are variously spoken of.

Sensitive Mr. Miln.

The newspapers in San Francisco had the audacity to find fault with Mr. Miln's acting, and he made a speech at the critics from the stage, and next morning inserted the following card in the press: "Appeal from the press to the people—from the newspaper, which bleeds or bites, to the public, which applauds and pays." Needless to say that Mr. Miln failed in the Bay City.

Miss Wiley's Position.

Dora Wiley evidently had a good deal to worry her during her stay in Salt Lake. The following letter is found in the Mirror; we sympathize with her slap at Miss Norman; a decided effort has undoubtedly been made—principally by Miss Norman's husband—to push into undue prominence that very undeserving young woman:

SALT LAKE CITY, Nov. 17th, 1884.
Editor New York Mirror:

Dear Sir:—I understand that an article has appeared in your paper to the effect, viz., that "a feeling of jealousy has sprung up between Miss Wiley, prima donna of the Carleton company, and Mrs. Jessie Davis, prima donna of the company on account of the same," etc. If such is the case, it is entirely a one-sided affair, as I have heard nothing of it, and our positions are so widely different that such a feeling could not possibly exist with me, and I fully intend carrying out my original contract with Mr. Carleton.

You have perhaps seen many articles in the eastern papers referring to Miss Alfie Norman as a prima donna of the Carleton English Opera company. The impression has been given that she is a prima donna, but I hold contract as prima donna assoluta. That being the case, and I doing all the work, I could not, in justice to myself, allow an impression to gain in this regard. During our season of twelve weeks, Miss Norman has appeared fifteen times, and in San Francisco, where we played a most successful engagement of four weeks, she appeared only four times, while I played at twenty-eight performances.

We are meeting with phenomenal success everywhere. We play in New York in February, when you will be enabled to pass judgment on us.

I am very truly yours,
Dora Wiley.

Leading Prima Donna Carleton Opera Co.

Emma Abbott at Our Doors.

Without a previous note of warning Mr. Eugene Wetherill, husband and agent of Emma Abbott, dropped in upon Salt Lake last evening and announced to an astonished Herald reporter who saw him at the Continental last night, and who fondly imagined that he had all movements of the musical stars at his fingers' ends, that his wife and her unexcelled troupe would be here Christmas week. The company play at the Salt Lake Theatre for four nights and a matinee, opening December 22d.

Their repertoire will be as follows: Martha on Monday, Mignon on Tuesday, Bohemian Girl on Wednesday, and on Christmas two performances; Trovatore at the matinee, and Traviata on Christmas night. The company is even larger and stronger than last year and this will be Miss Abbott's farewell season in Salt Lake.

Tagliapietra, Campobello, Castle, Fabrik, etc., etc., are all still with Abbott's company.

The Stage.

Hazel Kirke is playing Hazel Kirke this season.

Hazel Kirke is winding its way westward again this month.

Keene is at present in the full tide of the most successful season he has ever known, so says the Mirror.

McCullough is said to have \$50,000 in the Boatmen's Savings Bank, St. Louis. This is believed to be the extent of his fortune.

The Dramatic Times is authority for the statement that the recent furore with which Emma Nevada was received in New York, was due to John W. McKay, who bought 500 free tickets and distributed them among his friends.

Dr. Callahan, of San Francisco, has just completed a romantic play in four acts, called the Latter-day Saints. He has also another play, in the hands of Frank Gardner, who will produce the same in this city at an early date.

The Ivanoff company returned from Montreal on Tuesday. The play acts being very strong. It is likely that the last two acts will be rewritten, and that James M. Hardie will take the piece on the road later. All salaries were paid up in full.—Exchange.

Dark Days, by Conway, author of Called Back, is on sale at Dwyer's. We have lately had the pleasure of reading the book, and think it should make a strong drama if effectively adapted to the stage. The dramatization is now going on in London, and is eagerly waited for by several managers.

The Herald has received the following from the Madison Square Theatre, with a request to publish: Mr. A. M. Palmer, of the Madison Square Theatre, has obtained another injunction against a Private Secretary infringing this time against George S. Knight. It is granted in the United States court at Boston, and holds perpetual. The Private Secretary is the exclusive property of the Madison Square Theatre.

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If you are troubled with dyspepsia, ask your druggist for a bottle of "Prickly Ash Bitters." Take it as directed and you will be cured.

'TWIXT SEA AND SKY.

Van Tassel, the Balloonist, in San Francisco.

A FRIGHTFUL SHOOT UPWARD.

A Beautiful Rise and an Inglorious Descent Into Raccoon Straits—A Perilous Trip.

The many Salt Lake creditors of Van Tassel, the balloon man, will read the following particulars of his latest ascent and descent with interest:

A large number of persons gathered in and about Central Park yesterday afternoon to witness the balloon ascension. The fences surrounding the grounds, and the roofs of the adjacent buildings were covered with spectators, many of whom clung to their uncomfortable perches with great persistency. The balloon, named the Eclipse, which was one of the largest that ever made the trip skyward from this coast, was filled with 65,000 cubic feet of gas yesterday forenoon, and rested easily at its moorings, there being but little wind during the afternoon. The basket attached to the balloon was a small one, which would not comfortably accommodate more than four persons, and although during the past week Professor Van Tassel announced that he would take up twelve persons with him, he yesterday declared that he would allow but one to accompany him, greatly to the disappointment of a number of newspaper men who had assembled for the aerial journey. At about 2.30 o'clock final preparations for the skyward flight were begun. Two large bags of ballast were placed in the basket, and the thirty-six stay-ropes which held the airship to the earth were slowly and regularly worked toward and fastened to the car.

THE ASCENT.

Professor Van Tassel stepped into the basket, followed by E. K. Dunlap of the Internal Revenue Service, and Eugene Hahn, who were to be his companions. The professor was strongly importuned by a lady with a long Auburn curl trailing down her back to be allowed to accompany him, but he persistently refused. At 2.45 o'clock the professor gathered the valve lines well in hand at the same time cut the last rope that held the balloon to the earth. No sooner had the line been cut than the balloon shot upward, going up in an almost perpendicular line from the point of its commencement of the journey. So light were the undercurrents of wind that the airship for some time appeared to be at rest almost directly over the park, after which it took a course north by a few points west. The atmosphere was so clear that after the balloon had reached an altitude of about one mile the three occupants of the basket could be seen throwing out cards and other advertisements, of which a large quantity had been taken in the basket.

THE VOYAGE.

It could be seen from the movements made by the airship that the atmosphere of the upper regions was decidedly variable. The balloon drifted in a very zigzag course. At one time it hung over the ocean, then drifted in over the bay, and finally, descending at 6 o'clock, landed its crew in the middle of Raccoon Straits, giving the three air sailors a most unpleasant fright as well as bath. In the altitude attained by the airship, the trip is a memorable one in balloon ascensions. During the greater part of the voyage the Eclipse was 8,500 feet above the earth. Mr. Dunlap gives the following account of the three-hours' experiences of the trio: "It was my first balloon ascension," said Mr. Dunlap, "and naturally I felt some little trepidation as I sat in the basket beneath the great bag, which was swaying and swinging at the ropes as though impatient to be off. As we rose up, it seemed to me as though the world had dropped from beneath my feet, leaving me suspended in the air. No one in the car spoke for several minutes, and then the professor asked Mr. Hahn, who had the barometer, what our altitude was. Mr. Hahn said the barometer was 5,000 feet and still rising. 'Whew!' whistled the professor, 'we are going up like a rocket.'

A MILE AND THREE-QUARTERS HIGH.

"It was not long before we were 7,000 feet, and still keeping on. I looked over the edge of the basket, as did the professor. We found ourselves right over the city. We had gone up straight. The barometer soon showed 8,000 feet. The professor looked grave as he said, 'We must come down a little.' Just as he pulled the valve rope, and I heard the gas escaping with a peculiar hissing sound, the balloon struck a current of air, as I could see by the long streamer which hung from the basket. 'We are over the ocean,' announced the professor, and looking out I saw that what he said was true. We were midway between Fort Point and the Farallones. The barometer showed us to be rising, notwithstanding the valve was open and the gas hissing out. This was indeed serious, and the professor turned pale. I felt my heart beating like a stamp quart mill. Mr. Hahn glanced at the barometer, and said we were now 8,500 feet. I saw the perspiration come out in great beads on the professor's brow, and his hand which held the valve rope trembled.

"Boys," he said, "if this continues for a few minutes, we may as well make our peace with God; the balloon will burst." "The ocean was now shining beneath us like a sheet of polished steel, extending as far as the eye could reach to the westward. The air was very warm, and just the least bit rare. The professor and I stood facing each other with pale faces and bated breath, awaiting what next the barometer should say. We knew our lives were hanging upon it. A very few minutes would decide whether we were to live or die.

STATIONARY IN THE AIR.

"In a faltering voice Mr. Hahn shortly cried that we were falling a little. 'Thank God!' cried the professor, and I knew I echoed it. The descent was gradual and we were only 4,000 feet high. Then we fell into a current of air which carried us swiftly to the northeast, and we found ourselves over Alcatraz. Here the professor decided to rise again and some ballast

was thrown out. The move was a bad one, as we struck an old current which carried us to the Golden Gate before we could come down. About 4.30 o'clock we were over Tiburon Point, and here we remained stationary for nearly an hour. We were unable to rise, as we had but a sack and a half of ballast remaining out of the ten sacks we took up. The view from here was a most magnificent one. Far away to the north stretched the Napa Valley with all its towns. To the south we saw San Jose, Gilroy, and in fact the whole length and breadth of the San Joaquin Valley. The vast area of the earth which was visible to us appeared to be a level plain diversified with colors. There were no mountains to our eyes. As night now began to approach and we still remained stationary, the professor said we would have to go down.

A PERILOUS DESCENT.

"He jerked the cord, and it seemed to me that we went downward at a fearful rate, my ears buzzed and my head swam, and then I remember being soured in chilling cold water.

"Quick," I heard the professor yell, "jump from the basket." "Heard I cleared the edge and plunged into the water. We seized the ropes and clung on for our lives. I remember seeing Mr. Hahn climb up into the rigging above the basket. The professor and I, as well as we could, divested ourselves of our clothing, as we fully expected that we would have to swim for our lives. I saw a number of small boats put off from Tiburon Point toward us. The balloon was careening over, and under the impulse of a strong wind was driving through the water at a great rate in the direction of Angel Island. The anchor was out, and attached to about 100 feet of rope, and this, by catching in the mud at the bottom of the water stayed our career until the foremost of the boats came up. Mr. Hahn climbed down and into one of the boats, but the professor and I stayed by the balloon until the boats had towed it ashore. Here a private soldier from the Angel Island barracks took me in hand, and provided me with dry underclothing and a warm overcoat. By this time a tug had come over from the city, and took us aboard. I aided the professor to get his balloon in shape, to be put on board the tug.

A COSTLY TRIP.

"It was uninjured, not having even a rope cut. We were provided with warming stimulants on board the tug, and landed in town about 8 o'clock. Mr. Hahn, by climbing up in the rigging, saved himself a ducking, and was the only one not wet. I have discovered that the trip was an almighty expensive one for me."

"How is that?" asked the reporter. "Why, you see, when we took off our clothes we threw them into the basket, or at least tried to do so. I threw off my vest, containing a gold watch worth \$400 and some papers, which were of great value, and instead of going into the basket it went overboard and was lost. I also lost considerable coin out of my pockets. I think Professor Van Tassel lost some of his clothing and valuables. Mr. Hahn was minus only his coat."—Call.

Consumers' Pleasant Valley Coal Notice.

Having been advised of some misrepresentations, we desire to say that Mr. A. L. Williams is not in our employ nor in the employ of the Pleasant Valley Coal Company since September 30th; and that the Coal he is now selling is not the old Pleasant Valley Coal. The coal mine is owned and worked by the Utah Central Railroad Company. It is in the Pleasant Valley District. The report in the Chronicle of the 5th inst. is contrary notwithstanding.

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